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For the National Era. LOVE'S MUSIC.

BY LYDIA A. CALDWELL.

So close we stood together,

So near, our hearts did beat There lay but a single shadow On the green sward at our feet.

To their inmost soul of azure. Hung bare the heavens on high;

Slow up through the morning brightness A mist-wreath climbed the sky.

My heart became aware Of a sound so fine it moved not

" Is it the musical ocean?

Or is it a wind-witch singing In the bole of the great ash tree

" Seven leagues away to the northward

Ever sang this tone before." Then, while the fine compression

Of his arm around me stole. I felt how the eyes of my lover

And he softly said, "This music Pull long have I waited, weary,

"Oh, leave the wind in the ash tree! Oh, heave the sea on the shore! Dear love, till they beat no more!"

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A NEW ENGLAND GIRL.

BY MARTHA RUSSELL. CHAPTER XXII-Continued.

piano, at the Pines, "The Scottish Widow's the river Ganges. Lament." I had obtained the music from the teacher at Oaklawn, and had studied it thoroughly; and now, as I sung, memories of the

vulger and ill-bred-wholly contrary to that to walk, or seated in a garden chair be

seek my former secluded seat. As I passed Miss Annesley, she took my hand, and said-

several times about the time of your marriage.

a wicked man. They were wealthy, too, I suddenly, at the Astor House. They are all gone now-they, and many others."

Mr. Cavendish should have married, as a matter of duty to his class, if not himself. We all leaped up to see, for it was the distant waters

Perhaps Miss Annesley had the same thought. but she did not speak, and Miss Lloyd contin-

ned her queries. "What disposition did he make of his prop-

Ellis-a distant relative, I think. They are a "Why, they must be the Ellis's, of Oak-lawn!" said Miss Grace Lloyd, opening wide her blue eyes. "It was a Mr. Cavendish that was going to marry a Mr. Ellis. But the queerest thing has happened. Sophie wrote me about it last week. I should have forgotten

en ostensibly looking over, and sat with

ated out of charity, but step forward

ought not to be surprised at anything from that class. A more needy, ambitious, presuming set does not exist. This claim, instead of being strange, as Grace says, is perfectly in charac-

the nineteenth century!

Is it strange that I paid little beed to the remainder of the tale, told in those silvery, girlish accents?—the shock this creature's ingrati-I had won self-possession, if nothing else, since these old days when Miss Harriet Hart's cool stare and rustling dress could put me out of countenance; and, regardless of the smile that still curved Miss Ellen's mouth, I arose, and, seating myself at the piano, begun the prelude to the old Scotch song which still, I arose, and the eloquent shrug of Miss Julia's fair shoulders—but sat recalling some words of Mr. Ralph esumed, lay open on Miss Helen Cavendish's
Annesley's, uttered long ago, beside the Cedar
Pond, about the children of Hindoo women and

> CHAPTER XXIII. We are at Higheliff, once more enjoying

to my knowledge, and she had evidently trans-ferred her affection to his children. This long, lingering aroma from the "plant called Love carelessly waving her richly-carved fan, (it was their own rank, and could not be expected to see with the eyes of the poor companion.

But her disappointment was soon effaced the bright sunshine and fresh air of Highe "Grace, will you never remember that all and she spent hours out in the garden, leaning such exaggerated bursts and expressions are on my arm, for she was now able, with hel planning the arrangement of the flower beds, and overseeing the labors of Peter's boy Jim, was not busy on the farm, and by midsummer our garden was a wilderness of beauty-oldwhite lilies, sweetwilliams, larkspurs, columbines, marigolds, and hollybooks of all colors, red and white and damask roses, sweet-scented shrubs, lilac and syringa, and Guelder roses bordered by the ever green and fresh-looking box, thick hedges of which divided the lawn from the street, and lined every alley about the brother? I think I heard something happened that I had ever seen before had been the little, yellow, dust-colored specimens lining the mathe matically-drawn flower beds in some narrow yards in the suburbs of the city—as unlike this

light, standing up so firm, and strong, and un-daunted, neither shrinking nor paling for summer's heat nor winter's snow.
But a word about Higheliff. It was nothing were full of tears, but Mrs. Lloyd went on, in her hard, inflated toges—

circle the semi-capital of the county, the town of Bedford. It fronted the southwest, and from "And Mr. Ralph Saville Annesley his," I high enough to be dignified as mountains, but

mountain brooks, which, finally uniting their mimic streams in the valley below, hurried on-ward through the borders of Connecticut, to mingle their waters with those of the Sound. rustic bridge, spanning the gorge, the place of which was now supplied by a single plank. The view from these rocks, for the tower I ved Miss Lloyd, with a sneer.

Croton, loomed up the summits of the High-lands, Sugarloaf, Crow's Nest, Donderberg, and aty, too eager to respond to Miss Annesley's the rest of the Titan brethren; while to the hat is it? let us know, pet," to be angry. did not need to ask. I knew what was of Tappan Bay. On the north, neetled amid ning, yet I closed the book of engravings I the hills, was Bedford, in all its rural state, with In answer to my queries, I was told that old

hem all the property—that is, y's suitor, and his sister; but ething said in the will about a ful glance at the fields about him, he store

gave her into the hands of the officers of justice!" for that matter, for he seidom comes here;
when he does, he's mighty easy about thi

"Yes; but I in't know, Miss; nobody has been there for many years, but Mr. Ralph. He fitted up the lower room when he was here some years ago, in the root season; if Miss Annesley thinks he would tot mislike it"—— "I will ask he," I returned, interrupting his "And Mark?"

"And Mark?"

"West H. It is in the root of th

grace says, is perfectly in character."

Grace laughed. "Aye, Julia my 'e' can get over Miss Littell ber governes 'marriage with the Hon. Mr. E.— I thin't 'wa quite a romance, Ann Anne."

Mess Julia did not deign a reply this inking of domestic history, and kind lies Annesley this between the state of the containing of domestic history, and kind lies Annesley in the theory of his marriage. But go on, dear what came of it?"

"The girl, I believe, had some paper that gave color to her story; and there was an old homsekeeper of Mr. Cavendish's how said he had acknowledged her as his net's before he died; and there was talk of a compaymise, for the bad a cknowledged her as his net's before he died; and there was talk of a compaymise, for the bad caknowledged her as his net's before he died; and there was talk of a compaymise, for the bad caknowledged her as his net's before he died; and there was talk of a compaymise, for the bad a cknowledged her as his net's before he died; and there was talk of a compaymise, for the bad a cknowledged her as his net's before he died; and there was talk of a compaymise, for the bad caknowledged her as his net's before he died; and there was talk of a compaymise, for the bad caknowledged her as his net's before he died; and there was talk of a compaymise, for the bad caknowledged her as his net's before he died; and there was talk of a compaymise, for the bad caknowledged her as his net's before he died; and there was talk of a compaymise, for the bad caknowledged her as his net's before he died; and there was talk of a compaymise, for the bad compaymise, for the bad caknowledged her as his net's before he died; and there was talk of a compaymise, for the bad caknowledged her as his net's before he died; and there was talk of a compaymise, for the bad compaymise, for th fore, dishonest; homeless—therefore, base and unwomanly—her acts deserving of the worst construction; friendless—therefore, anything in the shape of man, with friends and family, aye, and for aught I know without, might slander her with impunity! Great God! and this was society—life! This was Christianity in the nineteenth century!

One thing to subled me much. I heard nothing from littly Adeline Leete. I had been, much to my brow, obliged to leave the city without seeing her again, for she never came to call on me as he promised; and when I again sought her lod lings, to tell her of my destination, I was to hat she was out with her husband. I had written to her twice since we came to Higheliff, by thad received no reply. I tried to persuade a goel that she, too, might have gone into the suntry for a few weeks, back to the dear old Cove and Polly Maria, or to visit the dear old Cove and Polly Maria, or to visit her husband's riends; and I looked forward to a happy meeting in the autumn, glad to think that when her hour of trial came, and she lay down on her bed of pain, to rise crowned with honor and joy Uncle Steve and I both should

of gooseberries, I found Peter talking with Miss Annesle'. He had driven to Bedford that who was very ill. She seemed much concerned, and kept fluttering her hands nervously about, "Poor creeture! poor thing! What will be-

enough to do some chores; an for the rest, there's an old women there a relation like. I take it that takes care of her; but they are poorly enough off, I guess, an it's a long way from

see after them, Peter. We must not let them "Drive, Miss Annesley! I doubt whether a wagon has Seen over the road between here and there sirve the great storm, a year ago last September. The road's all torn to pieces. Now, if 'twas a rainy day, I might foot it up the mountain, (Peter plways spoke of the mountains,) or, at a pinch, r de old Bony up there; but it's a

good hay-da', ma'am!"

A fine hiy-day was sacred from all outside interruptions with old Peter; and as he turned loggedly away, with his unanswerable remark,

"A widow Joyce, who lives at the top Ridge yonder, where you see those two tall pop-lars. She used to live in the family, and Peter heard, over in the town, to-day, that she had been quite ill. She must be suffering, I think."
"I will go to see her, if you choose, to day.
I can easily walk there and back before night."
"You, child! Why, it's four miles, at

"That's n) more than I've often walked since we came he're. I like a long walk."

It was de ided that I should go, and, to avoid the heat of the mid-noon, I started immediately, ly from the direct course, to show me some fa-mous trouting spot, or to see whether the crows built their restd where they did a year ago; but

thing in a lasia; she heard my step, for, with out turning she said-"Be very quiet, Jenny, for she's in a nice

to retreat o' at vance; then, hastily crossing the floor, laid toy hand on her shoulder, saying,

"Alice, dear Alice, don't be frightened; it's

and then cluns to me, sobbing—
"Oh, my child! master Philip's child! Ther
you did not go away to die, like your poor father
as I feared? Thank God, thank God!" where I was, and why I had left Oaklawn as I did. She shook her head mournfully, as she

"It's just like him, child. They need no other proof of your birth; but, it wasn't right,

it remains wit a you and me to keep the secret.
You must be more careful than you were with "Did he say I told him, the false knave?"

Again I made her promise to keep my secre

you often, and, remember, I am Miss Lina-Lina Ray, now." "Have you given up the name, then? They said you kept it."
"Only for a while. By and by, when I get

rich enough, I mean to go West, and, if possi-ble, prove my right to it!" "Go now, child. Take my money. We need but little—indeed, we can do without it!" "So can I, Alice;" and, with a kiss on her old withered cheek, I bounded down the hill.

I soon overtook Jim, and, gladdened by this meeting with old Alice, and my long day amid the hills, I ran races with the boy, as the shad-ows lengthened, across the open fields, and en. ows lengthened, across the open fields, and en-joyed them, too, with a zest which the "Eng-lish teacher at Oaklawn" would have scarcely

A rapid glance convinced me that he was right, but I had no time to look; for, at the

us from trespassing upon his master's seclu-sion, sprang forward, and came fawning around me, uttering low cries of joyful recognition. It was Neptune—dear old Nep—and with difficulty I repressed the answering cry of delight that rose to my lips. As it was, I could not gentleman stepped across the plank, saying-

"Not a bit, sir!" spoke up Jim. were running races, Miss Lina and I!"
"Indeed! I wasn't aware that the young women of the present day practiced such clas-sical feats. The dog's instincts are keener, for friends. Down, Nep, I say!"

I scarcely knew whether the smile or the tone

was meant for a compliment or a sarcasm, and I said, bluntly, as I moved toward the bridge— "I thank him, for neither a dog's lightness of foot nor friendship is to be despised, I fancy!" "Very true! The replied, with a quick glance at my face, as he moved on by my side, adding, as by way of explanation, "This plank is hardsafe, I think, even for one who runs races.

He stalked forward across the worm-eaten landscape, apparently unforgetful of our proximity, as we passed him to gain the narrow footpath that led to the wood below, old Nep running on before, and the lad expatiating on the necessity "of father's bridging the ravine with a first-rate new plank." But he turned in cellars and taverns, that in future, long after their necessary are forgotten,

"And who may your father be, my lad?" ou know me, sir? I'm Jim!" "Aye, I see now, and"— he paused, but his glance at me had caught the boy's atten-

"This is Miss Ray, sir. She came with Miss Annesley, and reads to her, and helps make garden, and goes with me to salt the sheep and

"Runs races," interrupted the gentleman, slightly lifting his hat at this introduction.

Miss Annesley is fortunate in possessing such a friend!"

"Aye, I forgot-a pleasant walk to you!"

fore, and, with a grave bow, he turned up the steps toward the tower, while I walked rapidly home, musing upon this sudden appearance of the master, and what it might portend. "He will only stay a day or two," said Miss Annesley, as she met me in the square hall, all in a flutter of excitement; "How I do wish the Lloyd girls were here! He will find it so dull without them!"

astery, when he laid the dinner, found one brother's portion of meat missing. He supposed that he had miscalculated, made good the deficiency, and thought no more of it till the next day, when he had again too little at dinner modern artists, best restored the spirit of classicism, could not read a word of Greek or Latin. impostor, and went hack to the Pines with a own piratical proceedings. The monks then heavier heart than before. In a week or two, it was intimated to her that the Ellis family left to earn, for the remainder of her days, It is related by Thiele that a

For the National Era. THE FANTASY.

BY PHEBE CAREY.

Once, charmed by thy most pleasant smile. And listening to thy praises, such

As woman, hearing all the while, I think could never hear too much-I bad a pleasant fantasy,

Of souls that meet, and, meeting, blend; And, hearing that same dream from thee, I said I loved thee, O my friend! That was the flood tide of my youth,

And now its calm waves backward flow cannot tell if it were truth,

Nor whether I do love or no My days and nights pass pleasantly, Serenely on the seasons glide; And though I think and dream of thee, I dream of many things beside.

lost eagerly thy praise is sought; "Fis sweet to meet, and sad to part; Is hidden from thee, in my hear

Than should repay thy heart's desire; For, though I give thee only this. I give thee all thou canst inspire.

MISCELLANEOUS. From Brace's new book, "The Norse-Folk." THORWALDSEN'S MUSEUM.

The charm and attraction which, to the lover

The charm and attraction which, to the lovers of art, surround the Danish capital, which alone draw multitudes hither, come from one man's genius—Thorwaldsen.

I find nothing in modern plastic art nearly so graceful or so attractive as his sculpture. I have long known the casts of his best works; but they give really no fair conception of his genius. The exquisite severity and purity of outline, the gentle shadowing and change of surface, expressing the most delicate sentiments, and, as it were, the fullness of exuberant life in the marble, are lost in the plaster. The cast is more shrunken, stiff, and even harder, and, except in the expression of year, etcone, at the cast is more shrunken, stiff, and even harder, and except in the expression of very strong action and agor, does not fully convey the ideal. This

fect on my own mind:
"There are feelings in the life of the soul lish teacher at Oaklawn" would have scarcely thought possible six months before.

"I shall go over the Cliff, Jim," I said, as we neared home; "I want to see the sun set."

"Then I will go too, Miss, and I guess I'll get to the bridge first!"

He shot past me like an arrow, while I followed leisurely after, in time to see him, when within a few rods of the bridge, stumble and pitch headlong. Thinking he might be hurt, I ran forward, but sprang back at the fierce.

"There are feelings in the life of the soul which are the most exquisite, joyous, and radiant, that ever visit man. All other joys are poor and commouplace by their side. The memory alone of them is sweeter than all after pleasures. They belong to the fresh morning of life—to its bloom, and hope, and cheeriness. They are spirits who, with the fragrance and beauty of s happier sphere, come once to us in that early morning, and come not again. It is not given, except to poets, to utter the ex-We are at Higheliff, once more enjoying down on her led of pain, to rise crowned with the still summer noontides between. The land loneliness of my own life were mingled with the touching pathos of the bereaved wife and mother.

As I ceased, there was silence a second, before Miss Grace Lloyd exclaimed, with school
fore Miss Grace Lloyd exclaimed, with school
The and studied it thorward, and she lay down on her led of pain, to rise crowned with down on her led of pain, to rise crowned with honor and joy Uncle Steve and I both should be near her.

The shot past me like an arrow, while I followed leisurely after, in time to see him, when honor and joy Uncle Steve and I both should be near her.

I often spen an hour in the kitchen with Mrs. I often spen an hour in the kitchen with Mrs. Brown, Peter wife, listening to the endless disconst between the rocks. I cried out to the boy, to know if he was hurt, but he was already on his feet, and she lay down on her led of pain, to rise crowned with honor and joy Uncle Steve and I both should be near her.

I often spen an hour in the kitchen with Mrs. Brown, Peter wife, listening to the endless disconst the rocks. I cried out to the boy, to know if he was hurt, but he was already on his feet, and pointing the fair miracles of sunrise and sunset, with honor and joy Uncle Steve and I both should be near her.

I often spen an hour in the kitchen with Mrs. Brown, Peter wife, listening to the endless disconst the rocks. I cried out to the boy, to know if he was hurt, but he was already on his feet, and pointing to the plank, said—

See, Miss Lina, it's Mr. Ralph!"

See, Miss Lina, it's Mr. Ralph!"

See, Miss Lina, it's Mr. Ralph!"

The shot past me like an arrow, while I followed lessurely after, in time to see him, when lowed lessurely after, in time to see him, when lowed lessurely after, in time to see him, when lowed lessurely after, in time to see him, when lowed lessurely after, in time to see him, when lowed lessurely after, in time to see him, when less we read of outward world, are their language. How even the poor and ignorant long to express this overflowing joy! It comes forth in music, in songs, in the merry dance. Words cannot give it. It is too subtle for language. The grace of life, the luxury and the unspeckable deli

the morning of life, are his subjects. In his frolicksome children, and the lithe springing forms of his youths, in the sweetness of maidess and the luxury of womanly beauty, in classic scenes, revived with a feeling and natural-ness which no other modern has shown, we feel the joy of life uttered. It is the very pleasure of radiant love and tender passion. We see that here is a touch which can trace the most

the sweetnesss of youth, the luxury and abandon of a happy heart, the thrill of impassioned words are too earthly to give; which comes up in never-to-be-forgotten memories, or in insatia-ble longings with every fragrant breath of ble longings with every fragrant breath of spring and sweet melody of music; which alone once felt can make henceforth the meanest life beautiful, and of which the slightest traces and associations are more delicious than all suc ceeding enjoyments—this the Northern artis of sculpture, and to leave its enduring expression in the hard stone! Such a man has given

their petty princes and statesmen are forgotten, this great heart will be cherished by the people, "Why, Peter Brown, Mr. Annesley. Don't and perhaps, in far distant ages, the only thing on know me, sir? I'm Jim!"

> ell arranged-each important statue has a bas reliefs. These reliefs are to me among the most precious of his works, and yet those of think, a strong side-light.

either in painting or sculpture, Thorwaldsen's is the most effective. It is known now through the world. That attitude of benignant and merthe world. That attitude of benignant and merciful dignity, of a noble pity and condescension, are made familiar in thousands of copies—yet, it is not satisfactory. The original, however, is much more so than the casts. The giant size, perhaps, lessens the impression of weakness which the traditional face of Christ always lesves; and, standing in its niche in the church, (the Frue Kirke,) overlooking the row of apostles and the worshippers, with the strong lights and shadows from above on its features, one can sometimes realize faintly the ineffable can sometimes realize faintly the ineffable grandeur and nobleness of that life of suffering

He lived to win the praise of all Europe, as the greatest modern sculptor, and to return to his fatherland, to receive the highest honors and most cordial welcome from his countrymen.

The Visit of the Grand Duke Constantine, the Admiral of the Russian navy, the most warlike and "old Russian" of the family of the Emperor Nicholas, during the late war the most bitter, active, and relentless enemy of the Western Powers, is now on a visit to the capi-Western Powers, is now on a visit to the capitals of France and England—at latest accounts in Paris, and going to London—received with distinguished consideration, made an incalculable lion of, and endeavoring to make himself extremely useful (to his country,) by laborious, minute, vigilant, and evidently scientifically in-telligent inspections of ship-yards, foundries,

The London Times of May 4th contains remarkable article concerning these facts. It devotes one of its ponderous paragraphs to describing the style in which old sportsmen, when the season is over, get together and talk over "all the sweet auxiliaries and furniture

f sport." Then it tells us: "The great sportsmen of Europe have had a glorious season, a regular battue in the Crimes, capital duck shooting in the Black Sea, and some rather mild sport in the Baltic. The re-turn of game is considerable, and the improvements in guns, shot, and all the personal as well as the material accessories of the amusement, immense. We have finished for the present; indeed the preserves are almost bare, and horses, dogs, and all, fairly done up. So now is the time for that after-sport we have attempted to describe. The Grand Duke Constantine is come to visit his sporting neighbors, Napoleon

Well, the Grand Duke is on a visit of pleasure; but he is a man of business, and subscribes in the regulation of his conduct to the venerable aphorism of "business before pleasure. The soul of Constantine is in the dock-yards

and arsenals. The Times says:
"The Grand Duke returned again and again to the foundries and workshops. On a second visit to the dock-yard of Toulon, after examin-ing the new gunboats and a model frigate, he oke out, 'I am impatient to have done with these official receptions, in order that we may more carefully examine together your ships and your dock-yards. The floating batteries he examined with intense curiosity. To the conductors he imparted his confidential opinion, that they would be a failure against any heavier rfection in the sport—he went through and it is evident that the British navy has been the earliest and the most favored object of his model for tourists. This is turning travel to account. When his grandfather, his father, and his uncles, came to this country, they also brought with them engineers and savans, and man of business, and he returns to the error f the founder of his empire, who wielded not

one—where is the game for this sport?" Ah! look out, old England. Have your wooden "This is no visit of ceremony or pleasure, and the High Admiral of the Russian fleet, the sternest of the Russian Princes, is no mere fine, frank-hearted sailor,' but a man who goes about with a yard wand, and makes three isits to a gunboat or dock-yard.

better use." However, as far as we are concerned, the

of the Major Generalship of Massachusetts, dish translator; and the other day, a tourist like that of a good many other officers in that good behaviour. The Boston Transcript says that one of the former lived so long that a wicked wag, at his reported death, gave, as a sentiment at a public dinner, "The memory of tercepted on its way to the Shetlands. A colour late Major General—may he be eternally rewarded in heaven for his everlasting services on earth." Judge of the surprise of the author of this toast, on learning, the next day, that the report was false, and the eteran officer still alive.

still alive. This reminds us of an occurrence that took place in the same State, some years ago. In the days of Mycall, the publisher of the New-Sagley, had been asked several times to pay his arrears of subscription. At last lived. If you don't get your money to morrow, you may be sure I am dead," said he. The morrow came and passed, but no money.
udge of the Sheriff's feelings, when, on the

morning of the day after, he opened his Herata, and saw announced the lamented decease of Philip Bagley, Esq, High Sheriff of the county of Essex; with an obituary notice attached, giving the deceased credit for a good many excellent traits of character, but adding, hat he had one fault very much to be deple hat he had one had very large the printer.

Bagley, without waiting for his breakfast, started for the Herald office. On the way, it truck him as singular that none of the many friends and acquaintances he met seemed to be surprised to see him. They must have read their morning paper. Was it possible they cared so little about him as to have forgotten

already that he was no more? Full of perturba-tion he entered the printing office, to deny that he was dead, in propria persona.

"Why, Sheriff!" exclaimed the faeditor, "I thought you were defunct!"

"Defunct!" exclaimed the Sheriff.

put that idea in your head?" "Oh! ah! yes! I see!" stammered out the eriff. "Well, there's your money. And

Copy."
The good Sheriff lived many years after this "sell," and to the day of his real death always ook good care to pay the printer!-New Or

his entertaining work entitled "My Last Cruise," relates a singular occurrence. In a Chinese

"Thorwaldsen, that is my child, you know!"
The artist, who remembered probably the years of suffering and trial and disappointment, before this work came forth, looked by no means pleased, and said, bluntly, "Well, madam, you had very few pains of labor for it!"

His life shows many of the peculiarities of genius. He was sometimes for a long period—even a whole year—under the most gloomy fits of depression, and utterly unable to labor; and then, again, he would throw off his most exquisite works with incredible rapidity.

He lived to win the praise of all Europe, as

his 54th year. Born in 1803, at which time his father was manager of the Sheerness theatre, his father was manager of the Sheerness theatre, he went to sea, when twelve years of age, as a midshipman in the Royal Navy. His last voyage in this capacity was when the ship on which he served brought over a portion of the British wounded from Waterloo. After the peace of 1815 he left the Navy, and was apprenticed to a printer in London. He had worked as a compositor for some years when he made his first attempts in literature as a theatrical critic. At the age of 20 he wrote theatrical critic. At the age of 20 he wrote his Black-eyed Susan. During the four-and-thirty years which have elapsed since that well-known play first delighted the nightly crowds at Surrey Theatre and at Drury Lane, Mr. Jerrold has continued to act on the public with his pen, as a writer of drama after dramaas a writer of essays, sketches, and tales, for magazines, and for separate publication—as one of the chief contributors to Punch since its second number—and as the editor, in successecond number—and as the editor. sion, of several monthly periodicals and two weekly newspapers. The result has been, that we now possess, as the collected body of his writings, a considerable number of volumes; and that whosever, either in Britain or out of Britain, knows anything of cotemporary British literature, is familiar with the name of Douglass Jerrold.

Very few celebrated men stand the test of being personally seen and listened to. It ought not to be so, but such is the fact. Most decidedly, however, it is not so with Mr. Jerrold. Personally, he is one of the most impressive men in London. His eager, courageous, somewhat wild, but sensitive face, with a dash of Nelson in it, as well as his spare figure, would arrest attention even where he was not known. And then his talk, wherever he is known! By this time it is no secret that he is reputed in London circles to be the wittiest man going. In grave, downright, or discussive conversation, or in eloquent and varied monologue, there may be others of our metropolitan men of letters who come up to him; but, in the one quality of wit, and, above all, in the faculty of instant, pungent, flashing, blasting retort, he is believed to have no equal. Not that he is a peculiarly hearing that some under equipment were intended for China, he pleasantly observed, 'So you are going to take the chestnuts out of the first there too.' But the chestnuts out of the state of the chestnuts out of the chestnuts out of the state of the chestnuts out of the chestnut of the chestnut of the chestnut of the ches no difference at all, or where, if there is a difference at 20 per cent. discount. The invention of bells is attributed to Paulit is evident that the British navy has been the within it the elemental possibility of a jest-a jest confirmative, a jest critical, a jest sarcas-tic, a jest dissolvent, a jest personal to the

it is out. Away somewhere among the affiniogy seized on the wing; two ideas, that had laid apart since chaos are suddenly brought to-gether; the quickest bearer has it first; the laugh goes round like a cracker; and just when the rest are done, the metaphysical Scotchman at length, at the end of the table, cries out, "I see it," and sends around the laugh again. When the jest is confirmative or fantastic, all are pleased; when it is critical or fantastic, or dissolvent, the speaker may go on at the peril of another; when it is personal, and no harm is meant, a good fellow will keep his temper. There is, perhaps, no conversation in which Mr. Jerrold takes a part, that does not elicit from 'A chiel's amang you, takin' notes,'
and if he does not publish them, which will
not answer his purpose, he will put them to a of Jerrold's die within the week, or never get beyond three miles from Covent Garden. Some, Grand Duke Constantine is most heartily wel- however, live, and get into circulation, a little come to see everything that is to be seen in this country.

The oath was first administered in judicial proceedings in England by the Saxons in 600.

The words "so help me God, and all Saints." lection of Jerroldiana, we should suppose, would lection of the witticisms of Sydney Smith; not The manufacture of raw silk was introduced keenly barbed .- National (Eng.) Mag.

> Good Dog, Major!-A most remarkable exhibition of canine sagacity occurred in St. Lawrence county: An eminent physician, Dr. McC., of Potsdam, was hurriedly called in consultation to a patient forty miles distant. cimen of the Newfoundland species, accompa-nied him. On arriving at his destination, he found himself minus a very important medicine, which was essentially necessary in the treat-ment of the case, and which could not be obtrusty "Major," who was ever willing to obey his mandates. The Doctor accordingly wrote wrapped it in a pocket-handkerchief, and se-curely fastened it about the neck of "Major," then dismissed him for home. The intelligent the guise of Paris, tempting the very elect; and rare wines and ardent drinks; and you'll him howling at the office door; his familiar again retired; but this would not answer the the lusts of old man Adam." purpose of "Major," who, having an urgent against the incommenced pulling the fully."
>
> clothes from the bed. This unusual demonstration alarmed the clerk, who, supposing he had admitted a strange, possibly mad, animal, give you this much for your consolation, in case when "Major," with a friendly wag of the tall, approached, and with a pitcous whine attracted the clerk's attention to his burden; the letter was removed, "Major" fed with a hearty supper, when the handkerchief with remedies was adjusted, and the trusty valet set out on his reaches Paradise through the quiet portals of Connecticut or Pennsylvania." turn trip, which was accomplished before noon the next day, carrying the medicine safely, and having travelled the distance of one hundred and twenty miles within a day and a half. This marvellous feat of canine fidelity is well authenticated.—N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

gave her into the almshouse, or, rather, for he segroun comes need, and offerer of just it was intimated to have a master, for he segroun comes need, and offerer of just it was intimated to have a master seye upon us often.

It is related by Thiele, that a Danish lady of the lee of a heavy pier, on which were a cheer mannan," said Miss Julia, whisking a fly from her fresh spring silk with her fan. "After with a company of friends, your experience with our governesses, you are considered in the series of the bunch," in her vernacular, had brought to the series of the tow, if the attendance of condress in the earts in an Desore. In a week or two, then he had do to her that the Ellis family would like to shout up the house, but that she double rations, while they spread the story of five cannations. So they obtained many visiters, when laboring at this state, as a bad that cannot smile is like a smooth of the facts, by we can, so order things, it is the light in the window of the facts, by we can, so order things, the choice, but the let of a heavy pier, on which the story of which the facts, by we can, so order things, the choice, but the the like to so, the cannot of the carn, for the remainder of the days, and solvier stations, which the story of which the facts and the carn for the remainder of the days, and solvier stations, and chertainees, and cher

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having felt the effects of it from the Saracens. who probably derived it from the Parthians

of Richard I, of England, and became heredi tary in families about the year 1192. They took their rise from the knights painting their banners with different figures, to distinguish them in the crusades.

The first standing army of modern times was established by Charles VIII, of France, in 1445. Previous to that time, the King had de ended upon his nobles for contingents in time of war. A standing army was first established in England in 1638 by Charles I, but it was declared illegal, as well as the organization of the royal guards, in 1679. The first permanent military band instituted in England was the yeomen of the guards, established in 1486. Guns were invented by Swartz, a German

about 1378, and were brought into use by Venetians in 1382. Cannon were invented at an anterior date. They were first used at the battle of Cressy, in 1346. In England they were first used at the siege of Berwick, in 1405. It was not until 1544, however, that they were cast in England. They were used on board of phips by the Venitians in 1539, and were in use among the Turks about the same time. An artillery company was instituted in England, for weekly military exercises, in 1610. Insurance of ships was first practiced in the

reign of Cæsar, in 45. It was a general custom in Europe in 1194. Insurance offices were first established in London in 1667. Astronomy was first studied by the Moors, and was by them introduced into Europe in 1201. The rapid progress of modern astronomy dates from the time of Copernicus. Books of

The invention of bells is attributed to Pau-linus, Bishop of Nola, in Campania, about the England, at Croyland Abbey, Lincolnshire in 945. In the eleventh century, and later, it was the custom to baptize themen the churches the evening, when people were obliged to put out their fire and candle. The custom was London in 1556, to ring the bells at worked in

How many are aware of the origin of the ward "boo!" used to frighten children? It is corruption of Boh, the name of a fierce Gothic Book-keeping was first introduced into Eng-lend from Italy, by Peele, in 1569. It was de

cry, "Take care of your fire and candle, be

rived from a system of algebra published by Notaries public were first appointed by the Fathers of the Christian Church, to collect the acts or memoirs of martyrs in the first century. The administration of the oath in civil cases

by James II, when Dake of York, in 1665. They were afterwards improved by the French Raw silk is said to have first been made by a people of China, called Seres, 150 B. C. It was first brought from India, 274, and a pound of it at that time was worth a pound of gold so numerous, perhaps, nor so rich and unctuous into Europe from India by some monks in 550. Silk dresses were first worn in 1455. The eggs of the silk worm were first brought into Eu

Signals to be used at sea were first contrived

in 527 .- Boston Journal. LEANS .- The Philadelphia correspondent of the New York Dispatch gives the following:

"A few days since, a young man who had long been attached to a church, and who was about to leave for New Orleans, came to bis his pastor farewell.

"And so you are going to that degenerate place, New Orleans, are you?" said the pastor.
"Yes, sir; but I don't expect to be influenced by any extraneous pressure of any kind, "Well, I am glad to see you so confident. I

hope the Lord will guide you. But do you know the temptations which exist there?" "Not particularly, sir."

"Still, sir, I hope to combat these worse than the sin; and the greater the tempta-

Music in Schools,-At the recent meeting of the Board of Education of New York city, William Cullen Brysnt, of the New York Even ing Post, made a capital speech upon the subject of Music in Schools, from which we make the following extract:

is a charm which even they cannot claim. Birds cannot smile, nor any living thing. It is the prerogative of man. It is the color which love wears, and cheerfulness, and joy—these three.